

Clara Jenkins Oral History
Interviewer: Elaine Carr
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Elaine: I am here with Clara Jenkins in her home, in Maeser, located at 1492 North 3500 West. We're going to do an oral history on her and I'm pretty excited about it. Clara, we're going to start from the very beginning. Tell me about when you were born and where.

Clara: Well, I was born in 1912, July 9, right here in this house at this address.

Elaine: What was your parents names?

Clara: My father was William Ashby Murray. His parents were Jeremiah Hatch Murray and Mary Ashby. My mother was Emma Estella Woodruff. Her parents were Henry Azmon Woodruff and Emma Manella Woodruff. Manella Woodruff was President Wilford Woodruff's and Emma Smoot's granddaughter, therefore he is my great great grandfather.

My grandfather had come here in 1887. He moved his family out here, and they brought their wagons and their supplies. It was the 5th of November, they had purchased this forty acres from Billy Bradshaw. He had taken out the homestead rights and decided he didn't want it, so he sold his homestead rights to my grandfather. Grandfather went back to Spanish Fork, sold his little farm, and moved his family out here. The Church was trying to colonize the country out here and lay claim to it. No one had moved out in the Uinta Basin until maybe ten years before my folks came. The first homesteaders were the Stringhams and Dodds. Joe Dodds homesteaded over the north side of the valley. Then the Stringhams came up on the west side. Then other people came and took up homestead rights. It had all been homesteaded by the time my folks got here, so they had to buy a homestead right.

My grandfather had two wives. He married Karen Marie Nelson, a girl from Denmark and they had the same amount of children as my grandmother had. They had seven boys and three girls. All in all between the two families they had quite a big family.

When the family arrived in Maeser there was five inches of new fallen snow and the sage brush was five feet tall. My dad was the baby of the family. He was five years old when they moved here from Spanish Fork. Someone handed the milk cow rope to him to hold, while the big boys unhitched the horses, tied them to the wagons, and went to find water from the coal mine basin. The cow got away from my dad and ran to the north where a big flood of water had formed a large gully. The cow jumped over this gully, and my dad couldn't get a head of her. She got away from him and he had to let go of the rope, because he couldn't keep up with her along the bank. They couldn't find her that night. The next morning they couldn't find her, so they just let her go. She was all the milk they had. They had other foods I guess that they could eat but they sure did miss their milk cow that winter. The next spring they found her over on Ashley Creek. She had gotten in with Sterling Colton's herd of cows, and they got her back the next spring. They said they was sure glad to get that little bit of milk back to help them with their food.

They got up and hitched up their horses and went to Dry Fork Mountain to get some logs, and

made a big two-room log house. They went that very day, cut the logs and set them up as they brought them down. They sledded the poles down from Dry Fork Mountain. Now, my grandmothers seven boys, and the other wife's seven boys and the two men, would be sixteen men available to work., and they was all good sized boys. The young ones have been about ten, but they were a help. It didn't take them long to get a cabin built. They got that house built and it's still standing out there. They put that house up and stayed in it for that winter. They needed something to put over the roof of the house so they went over on Ashley Creek and cut the lagging's, which were big cotton wood straight poles. Then they went over into Glines ward, they called it the "Caladonia Farm," that's what my grandmother called it, and I'd never heard that word. I thought it was kind of an interesting word so I always remembered it. But they went over to the Caladonia Farm and bought some straw, put the straw on top of the laggings, and put mud on top of that to that keep the water, rain and snow from washing the mud down through. They said they had a nice dry home the rest of the winter. When spring came, these green cotton woods they had cut for the laggings began to grow when it warmed up. There was nice little limbs of green leaves that grew down in their dining room and in there bedroom. Then there was some of them that grew straight up in the air. So, it was a green roofed house and a green leafed house all growing. She said they laughed about it; their house began to grow. Then when the summer came on, and the heat dried it up, and the roof quit growing.

Wilford Woodruff, President of the Church then, issued the "Manifesto", and my grandmother was the youngest of the two wives. Grandfather came up here and lived with her. She never had anymore children, but they told these polygamist's, advised them, to take the youngest wife, of child bearing age, to live with her. That's how they made up their minds which woman to live with, they was advised to take the youngest one. So my grandfather came here and lived with my grandmother. The next year after they came here they started making dobie and started this house. They hauled the rocks off of the Clarence Bird, it was Taylor Bird then, rock point, and they hauled the big rocks for the foundation of the house. Then they built the dobies. They dug a hole in the lawn out here. It was a big huge crater and they dried the dobies for these walls. Notice how thick they are. Then they bought the venere brick, pink brick from a kiln. I think it belonged to some of the Swains. And then my grandfather and those boys put the brick up, and built the house. Later on, the family getting married and getting out on their own, they decided they would let the ceiling down, it was so high. It had an upstairs and the ceilings were all fourteen foot high ceilings. My father said they built scaffolds and he and his father went around and around the house and took that roof down a brick at a time. I just got a picture of how it looked at that time, and then when they let it down. After they let it down is when I first remember our old home here. It just thrilled me, it was just like I remembered it. It was a lovely home.

They also built another home just like it down on the mouth of Brush Creek for the other family. They had a lovely big farm there. It ran clear from the Dinosaur road down over the Green River bank.

My father had been married before. His first wife was a Howett girl. They had four children, Nellie, Bessie, Clarence and Beatrice. She (his wife) was hanging out clothes and then bringing them in to thaw them out. She had a bad cold that developed into pneumonia. She passed away after a short illness.

In a few years he married my mother and had me and my sister, Virginia. By the previous wife, he'd had four children. My grandmother Mary Ashby had a little home down below us. We

come and moved in the old home and my mother gathered the other four children up and brought them home. Then she had six, a family of six.

They went on a picnic one Sunday, and my father didn't go. Somebody asked him why he didn't go on the picnic. He said "Well, she didn't marry me, she just married the kids." But, she'd taken them on a picnic, and she caught Spinal Meningitis that day. My father had to go to Lapoint to drive a herd of cattle over here, where he could feed them. They sent someone to get him, because my mother was getting oh so sick, they thought she would die. And he said he should have left the cattle and come, but when he come she was unconscious. This Spinal Meningitis had just made her have a terrible fever. Three days from the time she went on the picnic and thought she'd picked up a germ of some kind, she was dead.

So that left me eight months old and my sister not quite two years old. I lived with my grandmother that already had four grandchildren from my fathers family, and three from my uncle Wards family. There she had all these grandchildren, so she moved up in this house and took care of them here, and supplied their needs, and sent them to school and did what had to be done with the family. Then, in a short time, my uncle Hatches wife died. They had six children, so my grandmother took me, and we moved and stayed at his house about three years until he remarried. So, I lived with my grandmother and all my uncles and these aunts. I came pretty well acquainted with them.

Then, he married my stepmother, the one that I came and lived with, Lizzie Hughes. She had six children, so all in all my dad had twelve children in this house at times. The older ones, as they got a little older they'd go off to work, and the older girls would cook. Everyone learned how to cook those days. The three older girls would cook for groups of men. Then my older brother, half brother, he went and herded sheep for my dad. My dad sold his cow herd out and bought a sheep permit and ran sheep. He bought up lots of little permits and winter permits and worked up a pretty nice sheep herd. My stepmother, Lizzie, she had six children, and they took up the house. I moved back with my sister, in my grandma's house just below the garden spot.

I can remember one Christmas, we woke up in the middle of the night and we'd snuck in and felt our stockings and Santa Claus hadn't come. We'd run and get back in bed and wait for Santa Claus to come. Finally, nearly morning time, we got up and he had been there. The stockings were filled. Some home made sleighs were under the stockings. So we loaded all the things that we had got for Christmas, down in Grandma's house, on the sleighs and pulled them up through the lot to papa's place where he and his wife and the other six kids lived. They were kind of put out, because they'd been up late and had to fix Christmas for the six little kids at home. But anyway, we got to see what everybody got for Christmas and went back home again to Grandma's house. The snow was very deep it seemed to me. It seemed like the snow was much deeper in my early years than it is now.

I got to go to school for a day or two, and then the influenza broke out. And, oh I was so sick, and everybody was sick. You either was sick or a nurse. If you were well enough to walk you went to neighbors or relatives house and helped nurse the sick there. As time went on you got the influenza too. You wouldn't know where you got it, but everyone was gettin' it. You'd think you'd get it from the one that had it, but sometimes you did and sometimes you didn't. But, there was a few people that stayed well, and they stayed around and helped take care of the sick people. I remember they were so short of beds, that I went in to get in my own bed and there were four adults in there, in this bed, just laying down resting because they had been caring for sick people around the neighborhood. They'd come down here, and they said, "Move over," and

they'd lay down. But, I was a little kid, and I thought, well there's four people in my bed. How can I get in? So, they made me a bed right to the side of my Grandmother's bed on two chairs. They put some pillows on two chairs and then kind of leaned it up against a big feather tick, and they leaned me up there between the wall and her bed so I didn't fall off. That was the thing I worried about. Then they put a chair at the top and a chair at the bottom and made me a pretty good bed. But, I remember I was so hot, so dry, but you'd throw your water up if you'd drink a little bit. You just wanted something cold. I can remember laying there so sick with this high fever and it seemed like days that I slept before I woke up. Finally, I woke up and Grandma reached over, she was sick with the flu in the bed right next to me. She reached over and she said, "Lay still, you've had a good night sleep, you'll get to feeling better if you get a little more rest." Well, everyone was sick, like I said it was bad, the influenza was bad. People died. And they said, "Maimie McKee, isn't she coming back to nurse you anymore." They said, "No, she got the flu and she can't come anymore. She's awful sick too." When I first got over the influenza, many people had died with it. They were shipping boys home from the armed services that had passed away. I had a cousin-in law that they sent home for us to bury, and a neighbor up Dry Fork. But, everyone was losing someone. The young women and everybody tried to help and they had a hard time doing it. Then, when I got over the flu, that had thrown me behind in the school year because they had got there little grade started and they didn't want to add more pupils to it. Anyway, they didn't take me back to school that year.

The next year when I went back there was so many there, they had to split the class, so they put me in the lower class because I hadn't been to school before. Oh, I felt so bad to think I wasn't in the top class in school. This was kind of a disappointment to me. But, I worked at it, but it was so hard for me to learn to read. We were going into a new school house too. It wasn't too old of a school.

Elaine: Where was it located?

Clara: Right here where the New Life Training Center is. Where that little building is. They've tore it (Maeser School) down now and put that one up. We'd ride horses to school. There was a hitching post there that would tie a hundred head of horses to. When I was in the first grade, my brother, I can remember him coming and getting me every afternoon on this little pony. We called him Bolly Martin. My father had got him from a Doctor Martin that was an early day doctor. The doctor would take cattle for payment on doctor bills, and then my dad would take care of them for the doctor. So, he'd just given this little pony to my dad and we called him Bolly Martin. Well finally, they taught me how to ride Bolly Martin. When I guess I was in second or third year, I began to ride that horse myself over to the school house.

My first year teacher was Vivian Hitchcock. She was the daughter of Tom Spiers. The next year, was her sister Clair Spiers. The third grade was Jenny Louis. The fourth grade was Crystal Louis, her sister-in-law. The fifth grade I had Mrs. Johnston. The sixth grade I had Edith McCoy Allen. She also taught me when I was in seventh grade, a wonderful teacher. There was seventeen of us in class. She just loved us, everyone. She helped us in learning to read and taught us our arithmetic and everything. She was just a wonderful teacher. She taught for years and years, and retired while teaching school. Everyone loved her because of the interest she took in the children and the friendships she extended to them. I had a hard time learning to read. It was hard for me, but I read for her. I was so proud of myself. She made me think I could and I did.

Everybody always looked forward to her because she was such a personality. She was so generous and she'd put herself out to be a friend to her students. On several occasions she would take us to Vernal, especially in the winter. I had her three years in school. She would take us down town to the Orpheus. They had a big dance hall down there, they called it Orpheus. It was very unique. They had some European builders come in and built it. They built it with a spring floor. When you were dancing on there, you could just feel that floor moving up and down with you. You were dancing with the floor too, as well as your partner. On one of these excursions we went on to town, to roller skate in the Imperial Hall, when we come back out, got in the sleigh and all covered up, she passed us out a Hershey candy bar. The first one I had ever seen in my life and the first one I had ever eaten. She just did surprise things like that all the time for us. And, bring that sleigh to school all harnessed up with bells on the harnesses. It was a real thrill to even be in her company.

When I got home I told my grandmother about it, and she said, "Oh, that's what they have been giving the troops all along." They had to climb those hills over there in Germany, and in and out of the trenches and things, and they needed quick energy. She said for several years now they've been shipping all the candy bars over to the troops in Germany.

Carl Preece, Bishop Carl Preece, he was my eighth grade teacher. He was also the principal of Maeser School. We would go the eight years to Maeser School and then we went to the high school. They had just finished a new high school. They just tore it down last year, wore completely out. I went in the second year. It was brand new and so beautiful. And after we graduated, a few years then we decided to have a reunion. I called to see if we could have it down in the old school house and they said, "Well, it's in pretty bad shape." and I said, "Well, we can meet on the lawn." So we met on the lawn. But, I could have cried when I went and saw the old school, how it had worn out. They had made cement instead of making a wooden stairway, and that cement had just wore old. But we had a good reunion that year. We were so happy to see each other. We had all got older. Some of us had two or three children. We were big and fat and we'd set there on the lawn, and we'd look out and we'd say, "Oh, there comes Norma Lee, or there comes Al Kay. Well, who's that big old fat man." We had a lot of fun.

I learned to ride the horse to school, and there we would sleigh ride. We had big home made sleighs. They would hitch long ropes to them and pull them with horses. We had that big, I'd say it was five or six acre school lot. The big boys that had good strong horses would get, and pull the sleigh, loaded with children. Sometimes they tipped those sleighs over, and sometimes the kids would get hurt, but they would jump up and get back on and go again. You wasn't worth much if you couldn't stick on the sleigh and go around the school yard.

Elaine: What were some things you liked in school? Did you like math?

Clara: My father taught me math at home. It was one thing that he did when he set down at the dinner table, and he said, "I'm sorry I'm late, but I had to give Brother Jones six sacks of oats, and so much of this, and so much of that, and the oats weighed so much a sack, and it was so much a pound. How much am I going to get out of those oats, kids?" And so, he would have us figuring right now. He was very good at mathematics himself. But, I loved the literature from Miss Edith Allen. I love Shake Spear. We just had big, huge books filled with ancient literature. She would read that. She read lots of stories to us, and we memorized lots of them. Since I have been ill, and haven't been able to read, I have gone back to these poems that I memorized, and I

can say the Gettysburg Address and The Cremation of Sam Magee. But there's lots of these old ones that I've learned. Right now I remember we learned Hiawatha and some of them I don't recall, and some of them I do recall. We worked on the Declaration of Independence. That is such a masterpiece. Every word has to be said, or pronounced, just right, or you lose the meaning; you can't carry the meaning through. That was a lot of the time we spent in school, was reciting these long poems. It has been quite a problem for me lately, getting it all back together again.

Ah, the wonderful one horse shay,
that was built in such a magical way.
It run a hundred years to the day.
Oh, the harvest day,
I'll tell you what happened without delay.
It was the 18th of April in 75,
George Secumchus would've been alive.
A smutty old rone of a German hive.
That was the year that Lizben town
saw the earthquake open up and swallow her down.

Well it went on for several pages. Another one we learned was: *How does the water come down at Ladore?*

My little boy asked me thus,
Moreover he tasked me
To tell him a rhyme.
So I told him in Rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
For I was a Laureate
To him and the King.
Rising, leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Tumbling and weeping.

And that went on for two or three pages just describing how the water came down. All of us had some big heavy poem like that we were working on. We learned our times tables, and I liked them. But I did like our literature classes and those poetry things better than any part of grade school.

My grandfather had planted a big ten acre orchard out here. My father groomed up the trees and got them baring good and we picked fruit. That's the way we children earned money to make our clothes. We picked this fruit and my dad would load it on trucks and take it up to a grain mill where they thresh dried land wheat and bring it into this mill. He would take these loads of apples, apricots and plums, there wasn't anything my grandfather hadn't planted and put on this place. He would take them up there, and as the people would bring their wheat in, they would buy the fruit. Up there they would not have any access to any kind of fruit. They were starved to death for fruit and vegetables.

He planted a big garden, which we would get up early in the morning, ride the cultivating horse and cultivate these big corn patches from the canal down to here. The field ran from the street to the canal. It was about one-fourth mile long and four or five acres. My dad had rows of peas and beans and stuff the length of that field almost, and we would pick them. I can remember many mornings the sun just coming up and it felt so good for the chill to go off, and the sun to come up, because, it would be chilly out there riding the horse cultivating those big gardens. Then he would take the fruits and vegetables up there and sale them.

Finally my dad had to give up the sheep business. He just couldn't make a go of it. He got older and it was a little harder for him to keep his obligations, so he sold out the sheep business. I felt bad about that because we used to get on our horses and help him trail the sheep from out at Rangley Colorado. We had a winter permit out there at Dripping Rock, that is what they called it, near Rangely. He would winter his sheep out there and then trail them back through the valley here, and onto Mosby Mountain. Paradise Park was his summer allotment. We children would ride our horses and help bring his sheep across from the winter range to the summer range.

One time I was give out. It was so hot and dry, and any water ponds we came to we couldn't drink it. So, we'd had a tough day. I'd gone in on the bed and gone to sleep. I heard this pounding and hollering out there. I jumped up and I said, "What's going on out here." He said, "Be careful! Be careful! We've just killed one rattle snake. There must be another one around here." It was the Mexican sheepherder just pulling a joke on me. He killed it when he was out trailing the sheep. He brought it home and put it on the back step to wake me up and have some fun with me. We used to play lots of jokes on each other like that.

I loved to skate, only we didn't have good skate shoes. My ankles got so tender. They would turn in those laced up shoes. Girls wore lace up shoes and I hated to wear them. I'd rather wear slippers or something with a little strap over them. We had to dress warm. We had big union suits, they called them, they came down to our ankles and down to our wrists. Then, we had shimmies over that, and big buttoned overshoes clear to our knees. One time when zippers first came out, my father bought me a pair of those stylish snake skin rubber pair of boots. They were rubber, they wouldn't let the water in, and they kept the breeze from eating the calves of my legs, because you'd walk a mile to get on the school bus. The breeze came down out of the basin here. It would just freeze your legs off. At times I walked down to the Maeser School. When I got there the janitor sometimes wouldn't be there to have the school opened. I'd go around the back of the school house and stood out of the breeze until I thought I was going to freeze to death. Then, when the janitor would finally come and open the door, we would all run, the ones that came early, they had a big floor heater, and we would push and shove to get on that heater to get warmed up.

We would have picnics, is something we did, for Easter especially. The whole room, every child had a horse, you know, and they'd come and bring a lunch and we'd go off somewhere on a horseback ride for a picnic for Easter. That's after we got up in school grades. But down in the first grade, then our picnics were walking. One time I remember climbing up the south end of Yellow Hill and eating our lunch right along there where John Smith's home is now. Looking down over the valley and how beautiful it was. Many times we'd climb up different angles of that Yellow Hill, and have lunch on top of the hill for an Easter picnic or something like that. That was kind of a favorite deal to do then. Then as we got older, we would go on the horses. Everyone had a horse of their own, like everybody has a bicycle today. We'd ride our horse and we'd go up Ashley Canyon, or up on Little Mountain, somewhere that was a real discovery to us

as children, because we hardly ever got out of the valley you know.

Elaine: Tell me about when you met your husband and about your teenage years.

I'll tell you when I met my husband, Dee. I was in the sixth grade and Edith Allen was my teacher that year. This one morning I was going to school. In war time, you know, they kind of tuned everything up to the pace of war. They would have us line up in lines, straight lines, shoulders back and chin up, arms down straight to your side just like you was a little brigade in an army, and march up the stairs to our class room. As we marched in this big building, it was two story, four big rooms on top of four more big rooms. You come in on a little landing, and each side of this little landing there was a little set of stairs, and we'd divide here and turn our corners square and go march up the stairs to the principals room. Then, we would go through this little maneuver again and march on up to the second story.

We played volley ball, and there was different kinds of balls in there, skated, did all kinds of activity on the big floor that was open. There was only two rooms enclosed. The rest of the top floor was opened just for activity. Well, I was either early or late, I don't know which, but I wasn't in the march line. I went tripping up the stairs. So I was in a hurry. I wanted to get rid of my books and I had all I could carry. I used to always take a big sack of apples because they didn't have school lunch then. Sometimes I took a jam sandwich, we didn't have lunch meat and things like that to take, and we didn't always have cooked meat to make a sandwich. I'd just take my book bag full of apples. I'd try to hide them under my coat. But, most every time somebody would go out, have to go to the restroom or something, and take one or two of my apples.

Usually, when I got out there, I didn't have a sack full of apples. I'd only have one or two, or sometimes not any. The other kids were hungry. That was quite a spell to go all day with out a good lunch, you know, and we did eat lots of apples because they were abundant here. Father had ten acres right here on this place, a big orchard, and Mr. Bird across the road had the same, and Henry Hansen, he had a nice orchard of apples, and over on the other corner Henry Green had a nice little orchard. He also had raspberries, and oh my goodness, the taste of raspberries, they were just something else. But he put up such a tight fence that your arm no matter how long it was, it wasn't long enough to reach those ripe raspberries through the fence. He would watch for us, if he'd see us pushing on his fence he'd holler and tell us, "Get away from that fence, quit pushing it down." So we didn't get very many raspberries from Henry Green. Well, this morning when I had made it to school and going up the stairs all by myself, with my book bag. I was out of breath time I got nearly to the top, and so I kind of stopped and gathered up my books so I wouldn't lose any of them. We had to go across this huge floor, to get to my room. It was on the other side of the floor. I just got my head above this landing and there was a strange boy. He didn't belong at our school. He was too dark colored. I thought, "He don't belong here, he's in the wrong school." And I looked at him and I thought, "Where have I seen that boy before. I know him. No you don't Clara, you've never seen him before." I argued and argued. But, anyway I got my books all together and got across the hall with them and I had to go right past him. It bothered me, because he seemed so familiar. His features or his spirit or something. I don't even think I said hello or anything. I nudged by this boy, I thought I should know him, but he looked so foreign, his dark skin and sunburned nose, and you could even see his hands were chapped, he was trying to poke them in his pocket. He looked pretty crude. He looked like one of those kids that came from the reservation. There was no trees over there, no water over there,

they just dried up, and more or less looked like they had dried up with the want of water. So, I never thought no more about him. I just went and got rid of my books and went back downstairs where we had swings, baseball diamonds and basketball bankers and everything down there to play with.

But I wasn't very incline to be athletic. I caught a baseball fly one time and it hit me on the end of the thumb. It knocked my thumb right back up through my hand. Oh it was painful, and so that kind of put the cure on me for playing with sports. We would play spot ball, that's what they'd call it, where a bunch would get in a ring and then they'd throw the ball from the outside and if the ball hit you, then you were out. The one that had the most in there when the two sides were through playing, would win the game. That was a favorite game. Then in the winter time we'd dance. We had a girl, her name was Neva Allen, and she had an ear for music and rhythm. She could just make that old piano ring. We'd dance until our upper floor would just seem to rock through, you know a couple hundred kids up there dancing. So everyone learned to dance and they liked to dance, that seemed to be the favorite of the activities during the cold months. We did the sleigh riding too. We didn't do too much skating, we was too far away. That would have to be done on the week-end on small ponds. But, we had plenty to do in the winter time with our sleigh riding.

I got out playing and when we marched in, well, here this boy marched in the sixth grade. He was mad. I could just see he was angry. I thought, somebody better be careful. Mrs. Allen introduced him to us as Dee Jenkins. They had moved from Roosevelt, and they live up in the half-mile lane in the old Chris Johnson home. They'd bought that, and he's going to be in our room in school now. That was her introduction to us. It went on and he wasn't such a bad kid as he looked when I first saw him. He'd just come from the reservation and they didn't have any lawns or any green growing or anything over there, only sage brush. They tried to clear the sage brush out and plant alfalfa, and for a year or two they did get it to grow. They planted alfalfa seed, and they would sell it. Some of them made money, that they were able to build little log houses.

My father had taken up a homestead rite in Harmston Draw. He had went over there and built a little one room house, corals, and dug some ditches. They had to do so much to prove a bodies homestead right for filing. So, he did quite a bit.

The Jenkins were real workers. They built their house and built ditches and made quite a home out of theirs. Theirs was right across the road east of the Roosevelt High School, there on the corner, that big white house. Mr. Jenkins went up the mountain and worked for lumber. He made a lovely home for them. In those days everyone was still living in log houses. He had this nice panel painted home come up in the midst of them. It was quite an asset to the community. The people still keep it up well. Some of the younger generation have built a little brick home next to it that they live in, but, they still keep the old home up.

Anyway that's where Dee came from. He come from Roosevelt she told us. Everybody kind of looked shy at him, didn't want him to sit by them, they let him pick his own seat and then they went to sit somewhere else. Come to find out, he couldn't read. He was in about the same boat I was in. I was having a hard time learning to read too. He was backwards. He wouldn't volunteer to do anything, you know, he just was backward. As time went on I did learn to say hello to him. He was quite athletic, very much so. He ran in all the relay races and would win them, and he played basketball. They seemed to want him on their team, he was quite sports minded. He was on the baseball team. They had boxing gloves those days. They had small ones that they put on

these young boys. They would make a ring and they would have them box and just let them knock each other out if they wanted to, there was no limit to them. Because, that's the way men folks settled their quarrels and their disputes, just hit someone in the nose and knocked them out. It was just not uncommon for people to fight those days, to preserve their territory.

So Dee was coming along fine getting acquainted. Then, he come up against the king of the school, who was picking on his little brother. His little brother came crying to him, said that Roger was picking on him, and called him names and made him cry. So Dee went down, and that's the first interest I had in Dee, because I thought Roger was kind of a bully too, and kind of domineering over all of us. Lee would get in the line to march, but Roger would push him out of line. Then, the principal or the teacher would see him not in line with the marching, and in step, and he would have to go in the principals office. I stood down the big wide asphalt walk in front of the principals office, and you could look up and see through the window. I stood down there and watched the principal give a boy a lickin' one day. He just whipped him until, oh I sure didn't ever want to go to the principals office. We'd just tremble if we were wanted in the principals office. Sometimes it would just be a note or message from your parents or something, but just the fact that you were called in to the principals office was just a dread.

So, I had to go down to see what was going to go on. The little kid went bawling back to his brother Dee and it didn't take Dee long to just step in and wallop the tar out of Roger. Dee was littler than him by half, but he was just so quick in his movements. He just bloodied his nose in no time and the fight was over.

Edith Allen took us on a last of the year hike. We always went on a big horse back ride and she was going with us. We were going up to the power plant, and I'd never been to the power plant before and I was anxious to see it. I was kind of interested because I thought we would get to see inside of a power plant to see what it was like. I was all for going. We got up there and we kind of got off the track. We got back over toward the gorge in a bunch of thick growth of trees and bushes, and I was having a hard time finding my way out. Everybody just took off and I was trying to follow them, and here come Dee riding up behind me. He said, "Are you lost." And I said, "Almost." So he rode along by me, and that's the first time I had ever been friendly with him. We rode back in to the group with the students. I told him thank you and that was about all there was to that. That was on the last day of school.

Well, I went all summer long (not seeing Dee), but I kept track of where he was. He had taken his team up on the road to Manilla and was working on the dug-way along the Brush Creek Gorge. One time he said that they were digging ditches across a terrain to keep the rain water out of the bar ditches and here came an old man, Ira Nelson, down the road half crying and half incoherent. He had backed his car off into the gorge. He'd stopped to talk to some men, and when he went to get in his car he put it in reverse instead of in forward. He backed off of the gorge and lit on the spring seat, and walked up out of that gorge. And it's deep, if you've ever been up Ashley Gorge. I don't know why they haven't put a marker there or something, a historical marker, that he was a survivor of falling over that gorge and lightin' on the spring seat of the car.

So, anyway Dee had to tell this experience in school when school started. I got to thinking he was a pretty good guy. At least his hands had healed up. He didn't have those chapped hands and his nose wasn't so freckled and black as it used to be. We just took him, he was one of the class now.

With Edith as our teacher, and Flora her little sister was having a hard time learning to read too,

we were having to have special attention. So as we as a class got special attention, I just thought there was no one like Edith Allen. One day she called me up and said, "Clara I think you can read this." And I stood up and I read that story with out a blur, pronounced every word. I was so thrilled, she had made me think I could do it. Maybe I had heard it so many times, I'd memorized it, I don't know. She'd bragged on me and I felt so puffed up that I could do anything if she asked me to do it.

Edith Allens mother was president of the primary. Sweetest little thing you ever did meet. About the same height as your grandma Kuni. Walt McCoy had sheep and they had plenty of money. Annie had head trouble. He would take Annie to California for the coldest months of the winter, so she wouldn't have to be up here in this cold. Between there trips to California, one time she brought back a big box of shells. I looked for them when I was down there but couldn't find any. And these beautiful shells were pink and orange and just every color, and they had that big roar down in them of the sea. Edith used things like that as examples to tell us how the sea roared. She was a very, very good teacher.

I gradually got acquainted with Dee. We'd ride the horses, you know, and he always had plenty of extra horses. If you wanted an extra horse, he had one. Lots of the girls didn't have horses, so they quite played up to him. He'd bring a horse and he'd make a date with them(the girls). He didn't pay much attention to me all through the sixth, seventh and eighth grade. Our principal was Carl Preece and he had been the Bishop of Ashley Ward. He was a very good teacher. He got us ready to graduate, so that we could go to high school. You went right from eighth grade to ninth grade in high school.

So once in awhile I'd get to ride with Dee and his little group to school. I would catch up with them on the road. We just rode in groups. So, I did kind of get acquainted with him. But, this nagging in the back of my head that I knew him, he was no stranger to me. I just couldn't get that out of my system, that I had known him before. That kind of kept me interested in him. So, I told that story to my sister, that I felt like I'd always known Dee; I had known him before. She would say, "Oh, Clara's got a boy friend, Clara's got a boy friend." So then she started playing with me. And, he started dating her, taking her for little horse back rides. I'll tell you, my heart was full of jealousy then, that my sister would do that to me.

After we graduated from grade school I kept pretty good track of Dee. He always had a girlfriend from town. There was just no cuttin' in, and I was backward. I didn't even try too hard. But, my sister, she would cut in. She would date him and come home and brag, "Oh, I was with Clara's boyfriend." They teased me because I never had a boyfriend. Well I did, we played with a group of boys just younger than us. We would run to the swings and they'd all come and take there turns pushing us in the swings. Flora and I were real good friends, that was Edith's little sister. We lived in a make-up world. She was Tom Sawyer and I was Huckleberry Fin. So these two boys who wasn't very athletic either, would come and push us in the swings. Sometimes they would throw balls and try to teach us how to bat, because neither Flora or I had any experience in sports.

But we graduated and started High School. I took a lot of sewing classes. Everybody sewed there own dresses those days. I was kind of always backwards, so I took Dramatic Art from Stella Harris for two or three years. I really enjoyed her coaching me how to say a poem or give a reading. I enjoyed Stella. I liked history. I just liked school I guess.

I lived four and a half miles from the high school and Dee lived three miles. Every once in awhile we'd get thrown together on the road as we were hurrying to school, trying to get there

before the last bell rang. So I did get a little more acquainted with Dee; as I said we would get thrown together on the road, and he would say hello. That was about the size of it. I don't think he even had an inkling that I was interested in him. I think that would be the farthest thing from his mind, and yet all the time I was just building up an admiration for him that I couldn't tear down hardly. I was very cautious to see who he went with and what girls he was dating. You had to tie your horses and go in and take your overalls off. We always wore overalls to keep our dresses from getting muddy. Big ole mens overalls we would pull on over our dress. Sometimes your horse would step on a puddle that had frozen over and just go scootin'. Several times I had the breath knocked out of me with my horse falling. Me trying to get there before the last bell rang.

We went through the sophomore year. I joined the Homemakers Club and Dee joined the Ag Club. We worked a bit through those clubs because we had to put on a banquet and an assembly program. I kept getting a little bit closer and a little more acquainted. Come the Junior year, and I was just skipping down the hall. I hadn't had a date, but I knew I could get one. One of these little kids who had pushed us in the swings. They were available. They would do anything for us because we were their "girlfriends." I was loping down through the hall, and here came Dee. I didn't pay any attention to him because he was always just saying hello, and on he'd go. He grabbed me by the arm and almost stopped me dead in my tracks, and said I want to talk to you a minute. About that time, Mable came up, "Oh, how are you Dee? What you doing?" You know, and made a fuss over him. She was hunting a date for the prom. I thought he would have been all tied up for the prom, but he hadn't because she was asking if he had a date or something. I thought, "Well she'll get a date out of him." Then, I said, "Well, I'll be going." Because I thought they had things to talk about. As I started off he just reached out and grabbed a hold of my hand and said, "Just wait a minute, I've got something to talk to you about." He said, "I'll see you later Mable." She left and that left me and him all alone. He asked me if I had a date for the prom. I told him no. He said, "You're going aren't you?" I said, "If I get a date." He talked quite nice for a few minutes and then he said, "I'm huntin' a date too, and I need someone to go to the prom with." So I made a date for the prom. I came home and told my folks. So of course I got a new dress and new shoes and everything. But I didn't dare buy a long dress. I'd never wore one in my life and I was hesitant. It was so seldom that I got new things that I was self-conscious of it. My step-mother did make me a few nice dresses. Most of the time I just wore passed off overalls around to do the farmwork in. They didn't have girl overalls them days. They just wore cast off overalls. They were mostly too big and suspenders were pinned up or sewed up to keep them on your shoulders. That's what we wore for everyday at home. See, I was born in one war and then after that war they had a big depression, so the folks had to have cast off things to put on us. We helped my dad with the sheep herd, so he was grateful we were dressed in a way that we could help him.

Anyway, I went to the prom with Dee. That was a wonderful experience. I was just never so excited in my life. And, he was nice to me, he danced a half a dozen dances with me. He would give me a chance to dance with somebody else. Of course I always had this little bunch of younger boys that were always at my fingertip, and I had to dance with each of them or they wouldn't push me in the swings any more. So, we had a nice time at the dance. From then on, I started to look to Dee, and I'd ask him to the girls day dance. And for a partner at the dances I began to look for Dee to see that he'd got there, and he had.

Dee had to go back on the mountain to work with his team. He was only sixteen years old and

his dad let him take the team up there and camp. There was wild animals up there those days, but there were no deer. I never saw a deer until I was about twenty two years old. Then, I saw one down by Cub Creek where we were fishing.

Dad had bought an old Ford car, everybody bought Ford cars, they only cost seven-hundred and fifty dollars. All the old farmers, if they couldn't buy anything else, they bought them a Ford car. The roads were so rough, you'd get high centered, some of them let their irrigation water get in the roads and then the wagons would go through and make big ruts. The cars would get in the ruts and you couldn't get them out. It was terrible trying to drive to town in the Ford car. But, when it was dry weather we sure made use of it. Our first car we had to fill the lanterns that were fastened on the front fenders with kerosene, for fear we wouldn't get back before dark, Then we'd light these lanterns. People could see us coming, or we could see them and not run in to them. Wagons, you see didn't have anything on them. Glen Kurtzs' father got killed, a car run into the back of his wagon and it tipped the wagon over.

As time went on I just kept getting pushed with Dee, being happy when he asked me to go a party or dance with him. And these other gals, they just wouldn't leave him alone. They liked him because he was full of ambition and full of dance. He wouldn't miss a dance. And he got along fine with everyone, especially the girls. Some of the boys wanted to try to lick him. He had to hold his own. His dad told him, "Well if they won't be friends with you, you'll just have to stand up for yourself." He had a coach in school that taught him how to use his left hand. They'd think he was going to them with his right hand, but this coach taught Dee how to use his left hand and knock em' out. He'd just hit here on the jaw and dislocate their jaw and they'd just sink out for a spell. So everybody wanted to try him. "That little warp, he thinks he can knock everybody out." Every body wanted to try Dee.

Dee got to be quite a boxer. This coach found out that he wasn't afraid and he matched him up with out of town people. He got to be quite a drawing card. And everyone wanted to box him to see if they couldn't discover his secret. They wanted to be as good as he was. So, I went to lots of boxing matches. We took em all in because they usually wouldn't make up one (a match) unless Dee was on the card. They were all exciting.

One night he walked out there-the man brought his boxer out to meet Dee-thought the two should get acquainted. The boy lit a cigarette while he was there talking to Dee. Dee said, "My dad called me back around the wagon and said, 'take him on, he smokes too much.'" Dee was so afraid he would get licked. Oh, they would take him up to Craig and just beat him up sometimes, you wouldn't know him, his face would be so pounded, his forehead cut, his face cut. Well they just done it for sport, they didn't have anything else to do. And money was so scarce that thirty five or forty dollars he'd get for a boxing match, that's usually what they paid him, it was something to bring home to dad. He was always good that way. But this one time, they brought this fellow here, and his dad told him to take him on, so he did. He went back around there and decided he'd box him. They needed that match to make a full program, so they was really interested that they'd find someone that would fight this boy they brought in. So Dee said he'd take him on. Of course he had this "left hand" that his coach at school had been training him with, and he just walked up there on the stage and the first time that boy hit him, he just reached out with his left hand and knocked him cold. No one had ever licked him, he didn't think he could be licked, but Dee laid him down. And oh, the people were so upset, they'd come to see a boxing match and here it was all over with just the first blow. They got up and jumped up and down on the seats. You ought to have seen some of those old ladies. We had an old lady, Mrs.

Gibson, "Old Mother Gibson" they called her. She run the Gibson Hotel right there between first and second main, they took it up the canyon now and built it up and made a home out of it right here in the mouth of the canyon. Have you seen the big ole' frame house up there? That used to be the old Gibson Hotel. But, she was so mad. She was the one that I remember getting up on her seat, because she was a little shorter than I am. She had to get up there so she could see over the crowd. And she'd holler' "Rotten, rotten, rotten, rotten, rotten, rotten, rotten, rotten, rotten, bring on the eggs, bring on eggs, rotten, rotten, rotten." The whole room, there must of been three or four hundred people there, hollering rotten, rotten, rotten, rotten. They had come to see a boxing match and didn't get to see it.

After that, well Dee went up to Craig to fight, that's when he came home, that you couldn't tell who he was, his face was so beatin' and cut above the eyes. It would just make me sick to look at him. I was ashamed to go any place with him. I had a hard time for a week or two there getting out of it and not going out with someone that was beat up like him.

We just kept getting closer friends, closer friends, until finally we didn't want to go with anybody else, just go with each other, to dances and parties. We'd go on weenie roasts and watermelon busts and had a good time. Dee and I just had a good time. But years afterwards, and I couldn't imagine why he'd changed so, from just all these years, just not hardly noticing me until I couldn't hardly move that I didn't have to go with Dee. So after we were married a long, long time, we were reminiscing on old things. We were talking about our courtship and that, and I said, "Well what ever happened to you and Mable." I said, "I thought you were going to marry her." And he said, "Well the Massey's thought we were going to get married too." But he said, "I fooled em'." He said he had come home one night, and he and his dad was talking. His dad said, "Dee, why do you go to town and pick up them girls all the time? They won't make good farm wives. And it's so far to town, and cost so much for gas anymore." Just gave him all kinds of an argument why he shouldn't go to town to pick up his girlfriend. And well, who should he date.

"Oh, why don't you go up there on Murray corner. They got a cute little girl up there." So that's when he decided that he would go with me. See that I got places, because his dad had suggested it. I thought that's what they used to do in the olden times, picked out the girlfriends for them.

But they didn't in my courtship. Everybody was free for all. Anyway, we started dating.

Neither one of us went to college because Dee put his money in the bank, and when it came time to pay the taxes, his dad drew it out and paid the taxes with it. They didn't have any money to pay their taxes, depression, you know. So, he was glad he had it for his dad. But, as time went on we got closer. We talked about getting married and that, but he didn't have a place to live. Of course that didn't matter to me because everybody was moving in with their parents. Nobody had a place to live. The kids would get married, and no money, they couldn't fix a place to live in or rent. But Dee did rent a house, but we never did move in it.

I was really the one that proposed. "When I get married I'm going to do this and do that," you know. "I'm going to build us a house." Oh, he had me all puffed up, I was going to have a house. So, I said, "Well why don't we get married. I'm not going to school, you're not going to school." Our folks didn't have money to send us to school. My dad had just gone broke in the sheep business and was selling his sheep. He had a good sheep outfit going for him, but he didn't have any money to pay taxes or pay for his supplies, or for hired help. You had to have good hired help when you run a sheep herd, like they used to run em'. They'd trail em clear from Rangely to Paradise Park in the summer time. Then they would lamb here in the fields. There was just lots of work to be done and my dad just couldn't do it. Anyway, he sold the sheep and

paid off all his debts, but the house here and twenty acres across the road where Pudge Merkley built his new home. So he got us living again.

Well we got married. It was a matter of being together. So Mr. Jenkins gave us a couple of rooms in his house. He had a two story house. And we made a bedroom upstairs and a kitchen down stairs. We lived there with them for a year. Mrs. Jenkins had cancer, female cancer they called it those days. Well, she just had cancer all through her system. She was so sick she couldn't do a thing, so it was a good thing that Dee took me there. Oh, and they fixed up my bedroom so nice, and she fixed such a lovely supper, even in her condition. It was the twenty-eighth of September when we were married. She'd fixed pumpkin pie, roast chicken, and just had a lovely dinner. It was a special occasion and I appreciated it. My dad and my stepmother, Dee's dad and his mother, the bishop and the bishop's wife, oh there were two or three older couples there for the wedding. They bought me a new dress. It was dark green. I didn't want a white, because I was so short of clothes those days, that when they took me in to buy a dress, I bought this dark green one, because I could wear it to the dances or anything. It had light tan lace, and light tan puffy sleeves up here, and a big ruffle across it. It was a pretty dress and I wore it for years and years. After about five years, well, I took those lace sleeves out, and how did I get enough material to make some short green sleeves, I don't know, but I did. I made another dress, which served me for Sunday for several years until the depression was over, and I could buy a new dress.

Of course people used to patch their everyday dresses. You'd see somebody with a big patch on their stomach. It was just to keep their stomach from gettin' wet when they was doing the dishes. Well it was just depression time. We just had to patch things to keep it together. I had taken Domestic Science and sewing in high school. I entered all the sewing contests and things. So it's no problem to me, I just mended his socks and patched shirts and overalls. I could find old overalls that my father had even worn out, and I'd put two or three layers of denims on for a patch. We were real busy doing that. We didn't have anything else to do, so we might as well patch clothes and darn socks.

It was a year after we were married. Dee rented this house, but he decided he would build us a house, so he took his team, went on the mountain, and got logs. You know where Estella lives, my daughter Estella.

Elaine: Yes.

Clara: There's a little log house sitting out west of her house. Just out in the yard. Just an out building. Well, he built that, and that was our first home. I had Estella when we moved there. And I was pregnant with Carl Dee. I had such a time with Estella, I just didn't ever want to go through that again. They tried to take her with instruments and they couldn't, and the last thing I can remember the doctor say before I went unconscious was, "Well he's only got one leg." He's reaching up with his hands, you know, trying to get it. And I just passed out. He'd say, "Now come little girlie, come on, you got to have your own baby. I can't have it for you, come on. Bear down!" Oh, it just killed me. Well I never got off the bed for twenty days. When I'd put my feet on the floor to step, the nerves just killed my head, it was just a terrible sensation of pain. "I can't stand this. I'll surely die." And so I had a terrible time and I really didn't want to get pregnant again. And everybody would say, "Oh don't you get pregnant again." Well how was you to not get pregnant if you was living with a husband. No birth controls.

Elaine: What do you remember about Vernal? What was it like at that time?

Clara: Well, I remember down town after they had taken the log buildings out and they put up board siding on their buildings. They built the buildings bigger, and they put board siding on, and painted the building.

Now this is about the first recollection I have of Main Street. We were standing on the bank corner looking across at Ashton's, or the hardware store it was then. I was noticing there were a few big buildings going up too, and noticing an old white horse with a beautiful white mane and tail. She was an Arabian. My grandfather bought her especially for my grandmother for a buggy horse. The only thing that was wrong with her, is that she was spooked of cars. The engine of cars would spook her. But, someone had taken an early picture of Vernal Main Street and there was this white horse. Grandmother pointed that white horse and buggy out, and said, "That's the way we got to town." She said, "She was afraid of cars but she was such a good buggy horse. So fast and so sure about making the turns and everything. I just loved to drive her and so I put you in the bottom of the buggy and we came to town that day in that buggy, and that's me holding you over there talking to Uncle John. That's your uncle John Murray." So I remember that picture and the little frame buildings going up, the Meat Market, Ashtons, the Confectionary. There was all those separate buildings side by side up Main Street and out Vernal Avenue away'. The big dance hall, the Imperial Hall was out on 100 South. The Uintah Railway was on 100 North. That was the size of town, it was just that cross way. In the center, later years, they put the Dough Boy there. I contributed—every school child had to contribute a dime and our name went on a paper to help install this Dough Boy. So, when they undo the paper at the end of the 100th year, or when ever, they put a time capsule in the Dough Boy, when they undo that, my name will be on the paper.

I remember going to the Twenty-Fourth of July down on the old court house grounds. The court house was built right in the middle of that block. Then, they had lanes back on the four corners lined with trees up these cement lanes. And sitting there eating our lunch, and taking the children and lining them up on old planks, they'd saw trees in two and put pegs on em' and make benches. Half the lawn would be taken up with benches and people. We'd sit there and listen to a program that they'd have to celebrate the twenty-fourth or fourth of July. And those were big occasions to me, to take that little wicker basket with fried chicken in it. That's the first time I had ever saw a can of pineapples, the people sitting next to us was eating their lunch, opened a can of pineapples, and me a little kid and inquisitive, they offered me a pineapple. That was my first pineapple. And my grandmother gave me a nickel, and let me go buy an ice cream cone.

That was my first ice cream cone I remember. After that I remember buying lots of ice cream cones, and lots of lemonades. They had big barrels of lemonade. And they'd dip it out of the barrel and pour it into a glass. You'd stand there and drink it and hand em back the glass.

Another first was when I went to graduate, they did finger waving then, they'd lay their finger on your hair and then push the hair along that had been sopped up with sugar water to make a hair set and make a finger wave all away around your hair, and then a big finger curl on your forehead. And a finger curl up around your ears. You looked like an Egyptian princess when you got through. But that was the style, and I couldn't do it. So, I got an appointment with a beautician down town. My dad was sick in Salt Lake, he had been in a car wreck, hurt his back, and he had to go have a back operation. So, I had to get to town to that hair appointment. I got up early, day light, and washed my hair, and did everything I could around here, waiting for it to get

light. Then, I started to walk to town for that hair appointment. Well, I got there plenty early, and the beautician was having her breakfast. Here she come back with a half of grapefruit. And she said, "I saw these in Ashton's the other day, and I'd never tasted one and I wanted to taste a grapefruit." She said, "I just bought one and would you like half of it?" So I ate a grape fruit, and was it sour. It wasn't a bit like that I tasted a year or two later from Phoenix Arizona. But it was so sour.

That was my first candy bar, my first ice cream cone, my first pineapple and my first grape fruit. I don't remember any other firsts for me, but I've lived to see the man put on the moon. I've lived to see the negro receive the priesthood. I had never seen a negro in my life. There was one man that had big spots on his arm that was black, and they said he had negro blood in him, and they called him Negro John. But I don't know if he was negro or not.

Elaine: What about living here raising your children on this farm?

Clara: After we got married and I could see that I couldn't go to school and Dee couldn't go to school. Dee had a sister that had got a degree in education, she was teaching elementary. I looked around and she had nice dresses you know. Hugh Colton, a lawyer and Leon Christensen was the county surveyor, and I looked around and they were the only ones that their wives could have a new spring dress or a new fall dress or even a winter coat when she needed. I wasn't going to raise my kids that way. So, in an old house we built over there someone had been quite well to do and bought a lot of clothes and had to move, and they just pitched all these in their old granary. Well I went through those clothes, and the woolen ones, the moths had eaten them quite badly. But, I pieced and patched and unpicked, put pieces together, and I made my kids good woolen coats and woolen dresses. I had plenty of material out of these old clothes that I could make them. And everybody wondered I guess where I got my money to buy my material but I never did tell them. I'd find a little piece of brand new red and I'd save and save until I could find something that needed a red collar. Then when my sister in-law seen that I could sew, and that I kept my kids well taken care of- they began to bring me their cast offs. So I had plenty of cast offs, and these old clothes from that granary. I did well. They was always dressed well. I felt good about the way my children dressed. The thing I worried about was getting them shoes and socks because they wore long stockings on top of other stockings those days. They'd wear the knees out of them.

But, I mended clothes and I took old feed sacks, sugar sacks, dyed them, and made tops and lingings for quilts. We always had wool, two or three sheep we'd sheer and we'd have wool quilts, and we were warm. One time I went to my cousins to stay all night. We went in the bedroom. She crawled in bed and went right to sleep, and I laid awake all night long. She had big heavy cotton quilts on the bed and I was used to those light wool quilts and I couldn't sleep. Oh, I suffered all night, freezing.

I have pictures now and Estella asked me where I got the material. I just had to tell her where I got my material. So for Estella, for every party she had, I could sew her a new dress. Now, I had a neighbor, Otella Carrol, and she had a little girl just Estella's age, they played together all the time and Carl Dee would come in crying. He was my second one down.

But Estella was my first born, a beautiful healthy child and my father came in one morning. He came into see her, and he said, "What you going to name her?" And I said, "Well I don't know." And he said, "Well name her Stella." Well I couldn't stand the name Stella, I had a cousin named

Stella and she had freckles worse than I did. I couldn't name this cute little baby Stella. So I began to think what I could name her to please my father. Stella was my mother's name, his second wife. What could I name that baby to please my father? And somehow I heard the name Estella. So I named the baby Estella. Years later Bishop Bingham was being released from being bishop. He had been in for seven years, but sometimes they stayed in for thirty years. He was going through my papers. He ran across a removal slip, that's what they called a recommend those days, a removal from one ward to another. He ran on to this removal slip that my mother had brought to him when she married my father to have her admitted into our ward. It said, Emma Estella Woodruff. But it was Estella just like it came to me to name her.

In 1939 Dee's father bought an International pickup truck. He had a daughter that lived in Phoenix Arizona that he hadn't seen for years. She had gotten married, and gone with her husband. He worked with the telephone company in Phoenix. Dee's father wanted to see this daughter and her children; she had two little girls. And he wanted to try his new International truck out. He needed to drive her, (his truck) because he had wrecked his Ford car, drove it into the gate post, releasing the brake for go, instead of putting on the brake. That was very common—older people wrecking their cars. Anyway, we went to Phoenix in this pickup truck with Dee's father. There was me and my two children, two oldest ones, and Ada, Dee's sister, and his sister Dora, and her two children. There was three women and four children in the back of that pick-up. They built little seats along the sides, put in hay and tarp and blankets in the bottom to keep the cold out, and the women and the kids all crawled in the back. And they fixed little windows that we could peek out if we stood up. There were three men folks, they took turns driving. Well, it was a wonderful time, depression time and all, these other things happening, and us going to Phoenix, Arizona, right in the middle of the winter, and it was snowing when we left here. We got down there and everything sunny and nice you know. We had our first airplane ride down there.

I had seen the first airplane that had come to Vernal and the first car that came to Vernal. The first airplane landed in a pasture down where the big building they put up for the Juvenile Detention building, (Bennion Corner). It landed right in that pasture. We parked up the street, and walked down through the pasture, it seemed like a mile down to it. I had my picture taken under the wing of it with several other people. That was the first time I'd saw an airplane.

Then, we took a ride on this, oh maybe a six passenger airplane in Arizona. It was a big airplane for those days. And we toured the country around Phoenix and saw the grapefruit groves and the orange groves. They had began to break the desert up, and plant citrus fruit then. It was beautiful. I enjoyed that.

Elaine: Tell me about farm life.

Clara: The cows and the calves, Dee and I have put them on the mountain by ourselves. And, we have rounded em in the corral and branded, and done those things by ourselves.

Elaine: Oh, that's a lot of work.

Clara: One time I thought I had on a good hat, but it was a straw hat, and you know straw has little sunbeam holes through it. We went down and gathered a lot of loose boards, and I had to keep the fire going with those loose boards. They would blaze up in no time, I'd get those hot

irons out of the fire and hand em to Dee so he could brand the cow. And, when I got home my face was so burned. I thought I was just sunburning. I thought, gee this hat is no good, but the flame from that fire had burned my face and I didn't have any cold cream. I took cows cream and spread it— there was no lotions those days. After the war there was awhile before they put anything on the market. And then you had to have a stamp, you had to have so many stamps to get a gallon of gasoline and then pay the price. But you had to have these stamps. That was your ration.

Dee ran the thrashing machine, and I had to cook these big dinners for thrashers. One morning there was twenty-two men sittin' here in this dining room, waiting for their breakfast. A lot of kids came because they thought they could get a job doing something, carrying water or something for the thrashers and they would get a free meal too. But, when we got through, he had hired most of the men, my father had, to help him with the thrashing. They had to have someone to pack the wheat from the separator over to the granary, or load it in the wagon where they could haul it to the granary. They put about fifty pounds in a bag, and put it over their shoulder, run to the granary, hoist it up a step or two to someone who would be standing there. They'd grab it and hoist it up and then they'd dump it in. It was a lot of work. Sometimes they would try to put the thrashing machine as close to the granary as they could. The people on the stack, they would make this round stack, stocked up in sheaves.

I would look out over these fields and you couldn't see the fences, but you could see the fields of barley, field after field after field. Over there on angel street, you could see clear through this mile street. It would be nothing but barley shock. And they'd shock this barley. They would fix a triangle like this with a pole through, and they would shock the barley up against it, and you'd see these fields and fields of barley shocked. And they would take the wagons out there and load it on the wagon, if they weren't close to the thrashing machine. Then they would drive into the separator, and one man on the side would turn the sheave over to that one, and he'd turn it on into the separator. Then, the same way going up if they were stacking there grain, they'd run it to the ladder two or three steps, and another man take it, and up the ladder another two or three steps. Oh my goodness they could work.

I don't know whether you knew Maughn Colton or Colleen.

Elaine: Yes I knew who they were.

Clara: Well, Maughn was just a great big kid, and he came that morning for breakfast, and I'd had some cherry pie left from the night before supper, and after breakfast he had a piece of pie and then he had a second piece of pie.

Elaine: So, you have a lot of memories of farming life here with Dee.

Clara: Oh, yes. Yeah, every day, wasn't I blessed. He would go off to the mountain to build reservoirs, or canals or get a load of lumber for poles or something, and maybe I'd be alone for a week or something like that. Other than that, we just got up and I went to milk and he went to change water.

One time I was milking five cows and that would give me two cream cans full, and they were big cans, twenty gallon cans, full of milk that I had to get to where the cream man could drive to get them. Then, I had their calves to feed. Sometimes I separated the cream and sold the cream. I'd

take it to the creamery and the creamery would make butter and sell it to the stores. But as a rule, I just got the milk from the cows and run it through the cream separator, and that cream separator was a must, it had to be kept clean. Milk sours so fast that you had to. It had about thirty discs on a little disc that it ran the milk through and you had to scrub those disc out every time so that there would be no milk left in it.

Then, if you wanted a loaf of bread, you didn't go to town to get it, you just got out a pan, peeled a few potatoes and made some potato water and then got out your old starter yeast that you'd saved from week to week, feeding it a little sugar every once in awhile so it wouldn't die. You'd put a little more potato water in it, and you kept that yeast alive. So, if you wanted your bread, you had to make it. You would make maybe a gallon of potato water and you'd get it workin' and fuzzin' good, then you'd make some bread out of it. Some times it would raise up pretty good and sometimes it wouldn't, but you ate it anyway. We didn't waste anything. Times have changed. And that was depression time too. I'm sure they ate better than that where they left their homes back east to come out here to pioneer.

It seemed like when I figured, oh I could go to town to get a new permanent or a new dress, we had to buy a new bull; one of the bulls had died. As I said, Dee and I, several times, by ourselves, had gone down on the creek, it's five miles from here, and rounded up around a hundred head of cattle and drove them up on Taylor mountain by ourselves. It didn't seem too much of a job, but I had times when I wanted to get off and walk, my legs were so chapped from the saddle, and those heavy stockings. I would've got off and walked if Dee would have let me, but he made me stay on the horse, and "Stay there until you get home." Because he figured he'd have to go back and get me.

They bought cattle, he and Cody. They bought permits and other peoples cattle that was selling out. It seemed like Dee was to the market often. So, he worked into a pretty good cattle herd. Lot's of people were retiring you know, older than Dee, that generation was retiring. They didn't feel like running cattle because they have to put up hay for them.

Oh that was a big job cooking for these hay haulers. Sometimes it was two meals a day and sometimes three. Sometimes people didn't have time to get their breakfast at home. They'd say, "Do you have a cup of something you could give me, or a dish of cereal, I didn't get any breakfast this morning." And then they would work so late at night trying to get their jobs finished up, especially in the haying and the grain. They would stay for supper. So, just after dark, here would come these men. My dad had made a big crock of homemade beer. You'd have this homemade beer on ice. He always had an icehouse. So that would just give these guys another spurt of energy. They would go back and finish their haying or thrashing or whatever they was doing. So, I had all this cooking to do. Oh, eight or ten chickens depending how big they were. I'd have to go out and Dee had cut me two little green heavy willows about two inches around. I got so I could take that willow and just knock roosters, and it would stun him and fall over and I'd run over and grab him and put my foot on his head and pull his head off; or else take him to the chopping block and chop his head off. I have raised chickens to sell to the meat markets in town. I've taken them, oh, twenty-five or thirty chickens. I would get up and cook dinner, do my dishes and kill that many chickens and get them to town that night. One time I took them on the bicycle.

One time I had some corn I wanted to put in the deep freeze and I didn't have anyway to get it to town. Dee had taken the truck and gone off for something, and I didn't have a horse around. I just didn't have anyway to go to town. So I put the corn in the bicycle basket and took it to town

to the cooler. That was the best corn I'd ever eatin'. It just had time enough to cool. And my other corn had tasted like the cob, it didn't taste good, but this had time to cool. So that's why I started cooling my corn out real good and then putting it in the deep freeze. That was the secret. My step mother passed away, she got a head injury, and developed a tumor on the brain. She passed away, and I was doing quite a bit of coming back and forth, tending my father. Then one day my father come, and he said, "I've had it. This place is for sale." And Dee said, "Oh, I don't know if I can make the payments." And he said, "I'll make it so you can make it." Dee said, "I like this old place too." He said, "You move in and then we'll do the payments." My husband was such a scrimper. And to have a mortgage hanging over the house we were living in was something. So, he just put all his efforts in farming and raising those cattle to pay off the mortgage on this place. We finally got it paid off, and then Dee bought other places that kept us right in the same boat.

I was doing all I could do to help him, so his work would be light and he could take care of the water. Water was the secret. You had to get the water on your ground, or you couldn't raise a crop. It was hard to get then, in these old canal head gates and old ditches and everything. He had plenty of work, so I spent so very much of my time, when I could help Dee, I helped him. I would ride the tractor to bail, and I'd ride a little pickup we had, a little pair of wheels that run along side a hayrack to load the bails, the little bails, on the hayrack. It would pick them up and take them up to the elevator and drop them over. Then they'd drag them back from the elevator, and that wasn't no little job either, trying to drag those bails all day long. And Cody said, "How did you do it mother?" Dee would say, "This is the last load, we'll go get some dinner." Cody said, "There was always dinner on the table when we got in and got washed and cleaned up and got in there for dinner. How did you do it?" I said, "You'll never know." I'd stay up at night podding peas, and get everything ready. Sometimes I would cook them and it would just have to be warmed the next day for dinner. But I would stay up real late and I would get things ready if I was going to have a big crowd for dinner the next day. And everybody loved to come to eat. They just kind of planned it that way, like those kids coming for breakfast, they were old enough to work. But we did work.

And because I couldn't go to college myself, and Edith Allen had given us a taste that education was enjoyable. She read to us the Bible and English Literature. I learned about all this history, and I loved it. Learning about these things gave me a desire for education, and so one time when Dee and I was talking, I said, "I don't care what you get me, if you'll just give me enough money to get my kids through school." And bless his heart, he always had that money for their tuition and their board. It cost about seventy nine dollars a month for their board at the BYU in those dormitories. And about the equivalent up to the AC (Utah State University) where Cody went. Estella, she took two years of school there at the BYU. Then Lorin (her husband) was drafted into the Navy. He served in the war against Japan. He was on the Pacific Ocean. So, she came home to live with us, Estella did. She got a job at Penney's, and saved her money and then she went to where Lorin was in the service. He was back on the east coast for awhile, back in Norfolk Virginia, and then he was at San Diego. She followed him quite a bit in the army life. Of course that was not uncommon, all the women were going and the grandmothers would watch the children.

She went to the BYU for two years, then got married and was married two or three years, but all the time she would take correspondence classes. Then she graduated from the Utah State University. Which, Dee and I went up to see our first child graduate. We were real happy because

he had been so diligent. If we would sell an old cow or anything we didn't need, he'd say, "Here's some money for material to buy Estella some school dresses." He was as interested in getting them through school as I was. Estella graduated in education, only she did special education. She worked at the New Life Training Center, where they had special need students. Then Karl Dee came along, and he was small, shorter than I am. He didn't fit in an army uniform. Do you remember Larell Anderson? Well he had a boy that was like this, (she reaches up high) and Karl Dee stood under his arm. Karl Dee was a perfect build, even though he was short, he had broad shoulders and nice chest, and held his head erect and threw his shoulders back. When he got in the army, first they said they couldn't take him because they couldn't fit him with a uniform. Some guy said, "Get him some clothes made." So they special ordered his clothing. All his uniforms, everything. And they took him as their mascot in the Officers Corp. So he had a real privilege because where they'd go, he'd go. He got really educated in army life. So that was another pay-off.

When he was up in Camp Lewis in Washington, he met a girl that had a TV in her room. Finally, she kind of got up against it, and her parents told her to sell the TV. Karl Dee, being in the Officer Corp, he bought the TV and sent it home to us. So, that was our first TV. He was really a good cook. He cooked and washed dishes with the Anderson boy. And then, he came home from the army and he had to go back into school.

So we had two in school. Elaine had got old enough, that she was in college. So, Karl Dee, he took five years to graduate, and Elaine, she took four. She graduated in education. She got a degree in secondary and primary education from BYU. She taught down here in Uintah High School, homemaking for one year. Then she got married and went to teaching Kindergarten. Her husband picked up and left her, then she came home with five children for us to help her with, board and room and clothes. A great part of their care was on us.

Then Cody, he was ill from the time he was born, he cried, severely cried. We'd take him to the doctor. The doctor only had three fingers, a doctor Eskelson, and he diagnosed him with kinked intestines. Because of his fingers, he didn't feel like he could operate. Finally, one morning I took him down with this severe pain, and I was crying, and I said, "Oh, isn't there some way we could get him to Salt Lake." And the doctor, Doctor Seager said, "Well he'd die before you got him there. Take him up to the hospital and I'll come up and we'll see what we can do with the little guy." Well Doctor Seager had just come back from the army, and he had had lots of experience in the army, so he took Cody and operated on him. They had just got some taramiacin from the Navy. The first antibiotic that was used in this hospital, was used on Cody, and it saved his life. The doctors was down in the kitchen having their council meeting at the kitchen table. Now, this is how primitive things were those days. Well, they said, "Who should we give that taramiacin to? We could give it to that man they're taking to the Veterans Hospital, but they'll have some there, lets give it to the little Jenkins kid." They gave it to him one day and he was still sick laying in bed. The next morning the phone rang and I went out in the hall for the phone. I looked around and there was Cody standing in the door. That was the first time he had been on his little feet for days and days, he was so sick you know, he couldn't get off the bed. And I said, "Oh Cody, Cody stay right there, I'll come and get you." I didn't want him to take a step for fear he would fall down. From then on we fed him a tablespoon of chicken noddle soup and a tablespoon of ice cream every two hours. The doctor told me, Doctor Seager said, "Now if you'll feed him, be conscientious about it, he'll come out of it." Sure enough, he did.

And then he graduated from Utah State University. He graduated in Education, too. He made a

fine teacher. He taught fifth grade for about thirty years. The limit was thirty years, and I think he taught twenty-nine years and a few months. And so I'm getting that fifth grade education too. Every once in awhile, when he gets after me for not doing something, my medicine or this or that, I'll say, "Oh, I'm out of fifth grade Cody."

Well it has been a nice life. They're all married, and they didn't go on missions, the boys didn't, nor they didn't take their wives to the temple. The girls went to the temple. But they're all married and have been sealed in the Temple now. They have good occupations. Karl Dee was a project surveyor for Howard Hughs. Did you know Howard Hughs or know of him?

Elaine: Yes I knew of him.

Clara: Well, Karl Dee surveyed in Nevada when Howard Hughs bought most of Nevada. He went and stayed out there in Nevada with Howard Hughs. He retired when Howard Hughs died. So, he bought a little ranch there in Texas and has a dozen head of black cattle on it. Just doing the things he used to do at home, having nice stock. He has lovely climate. He married a little girl that was the daughter of the Salt Lake County Recorder. She got a real good education because her mother was ill, and her mother couldn't go to all these gatherings, you know, the President of the United States would come to Utah, and they'd have a dinner for him. Well she'd take Jackie. So my daughter-in-law got real exposed to a cultured city life, and so she isn't a farm girl. And Karl, that's all he wants in life, those twelve cows. But she gained an exceptional ability as a receptionist with her father.

Estella she taught in this New Life Training Center for thirty years for retarded children. She had a little cousin that was retarded and she had a motive, and she could feel like she was doing something for Margie. Then her husband Lorin, he taught thirty years and retired from the Uintah High School.

Elaine, she taught school their in Uintah High, domestic science, then she ran a preschool. Then she remarried, and that husband died, and now she's working at the Field House.

So the children have all positioned them selves into good occupations, you know, and self supporting. They've been to the Temple. That's the main thing, I feel like we've accomplished with our family.

And then we have one doctor, these are grandkids. But there are some of them that are being very promising. The little great grand children are very promising.

Elaine: That makes you feel good.

Clara: They're good looking and they're intelligent.

Cody, his father left him the farm stead here, the house and the farm stead, if he'd kind of see me through until I had gone. And I feel like today, I could live to be a hundred if I could just get up and walk, I have to use a cane. But I'm never sick, I never get a headache.

Elaine: That's great, you look really good.

Clara: I think that is where living the word of wisdom, not participating in liquors or tobacco or overly sweets, and having plenty of good fresh fruit and vegetables. My father raised a big

garden. And then, he had a big fruit orchard and he had berries of every kind, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, everything that could be grown, my old grandfather had planted and my father had inherited when he bought the place. So I grew up in the Lords gravy pot I guess. Other than just being pinched when the war time and depression time came, was really the only things that I suffered. Oh and having my eye put out. I had a cataract removed and it was a foul up, a dirty foul up. The first doctor committed suicide over that, I think, but the second doctor, they expelled him of a doctors association. He doesn't practice anymore. And then I went to the University of Utah, and they have all kinds of doctors there. And they saved the eyeball, but they couldn't save the vision. I've suffered with that now for sixty years. Did I tell you about being Primary President?

Elaine: No, you didn't.

Clara: Oh dear, well, I worked in the primary for twenty years, being a teacher for a short time, and then I'd either been a president or in the presidency for the remainder of the time. And then I was put in as Relief Society President. I was complaining one day, I'd been here seven years, they should release me. And an other elderly sister said, "Well I was there fifteen years before they would release me." So they wouldn't release you very often. But, I hadn't cleaned out a drawer, the grand kids coming, and kids getting married and receptions and everything, I had more than I could do. I was relieved when I got released. And I've worked as president of MIA since then. I've worked on the Uintah County Hospital Board.

Elaine: Well, you've given me quite a nice history. You've had a nice life even as a little child, and growing up, until your age now.

Clara: I feel like I have.

Elaine: You have a great posterity too.

Clara: I've got one coming. I have a pretty long progenitors, in President Woodruff, president of the church. And some of the Murray's were in the Revolutionary war, took prominent parts with George Washington. But, you're judged by what you do yourself, you know. I love the church though, and I give it credit for me being able to do as well as I've done.

Elaine: Is there any last fond memories that you would like to share?

Clara: Oh, I look at the grandchildren, they're the fondest memories I have, these beautiful grandchildren and great grandchildren. And I have three great great grandchildren now. I have around thirty great grandchildren.

Elaine: We appreciate you for sharing your history with us.